

T
H
E
O
R
I
O
L
E

I
9
3
7



*B. D. Smith & Bros., Printers
Pulaski, Virginia*

“All the world’s a stage.”

—Shakespeare.

The Oriole

T H E A T R E N U M B E R



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF 1936-37

Volume 17

PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL
PULASKI, VIRGINIA



Alma Mater

*Around each column white, each ageing stone,
Forever clings a wistful memory
As love, at last, with ivy overgrown,
Gives back its heart to thee.*

—Woodrow Billips.



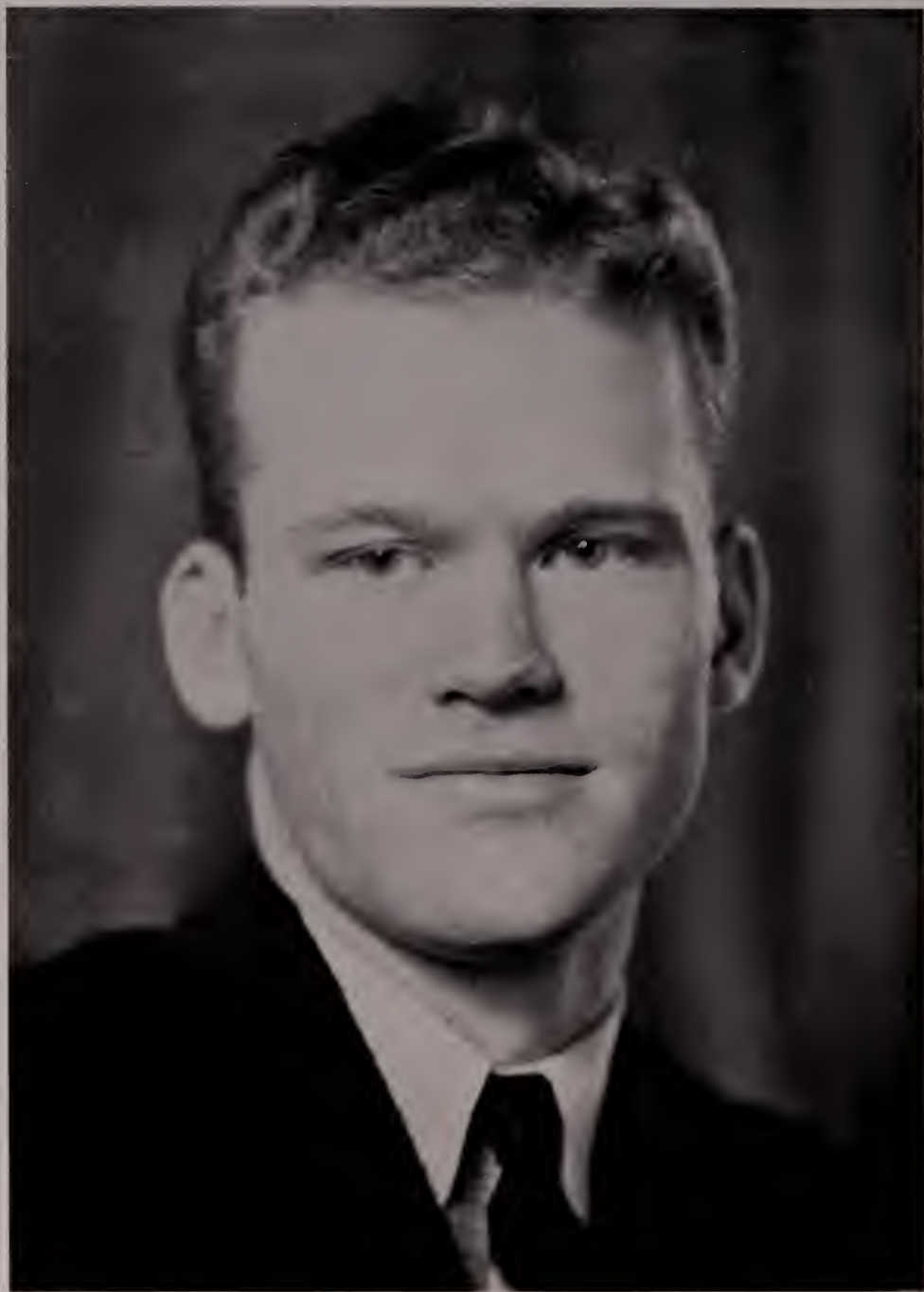
the oriole '37

Foreword

AS THE interest of the human race has stirred at the thought of a stage for centuries past, so also has that of the younger generation. In fact, we have been so aroused that we have had the joy of building the Theatre Oriole. We hope that in the future we may look back to this our annual of 1936-37 with great inspiration.

Dedication

FOR their kindness and help to us during our four happy years of high school, we dedicate this Oriole to the Faculty of Pulaski High School.



MR. WOODROW BILLIPS, *Sponsor*

SPONSOR
W. BILLIPS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARY T. PAINTER
EDITORS

GARNETT LYONS
MARY CARSON
BLANCH COVEY
JOYCE CRABTREE
EUGENE SEXTON
MELVIN WHITAKER
LIDA MACGILL
WINIFRED BEANER
DULCIE BENTLEY

STAFF

DIRECTION
E. PUGH

TREASURER
JACK LUGAR
ASSISTANTS

VALENCIA VAUGHN
FRANCES LEFFEW
GLENNA D'HAVEN
PAULINE VINSON
BOBBY CECIL
DOROTHY BONES
JUNIOR HARRIMAN
HELEN SOWERS
BONNIE J. PAINTER

PRESENTING
The
ORIOLE

S.W.
1928



THE STAFF





FACULTY



the oriole '37

FACULTY

MISS ELIZABETH BLAIR.....	<i>Vanderbilt University—B. A.</i>
MISS ELIZABETH PUGH.....	<i>Randolph-Macon Woman's College—B. A.</i>
MISS LAURA DALTON.....	<i>William and Mary College—B. S.</i>
MISS CRYSTAL FRYE.....	<i>Marion Junior College; Radford State Teachers College—B. S.</i>
MR. RAYMOND RICE.....	<i>Roanoke College—B. A.</i>
MR. WOODROW BILLIPS.....	<i>University of Virginia—B. S.</i>
MISS LYNWOOD KINDER.....	<i>Radford State Teachers College—B. S.</i>
MISS HELEN CROSWHITE.....	<i>Martha Washington College—A. B.</i>
MISS MILDRED GARDINER.....	<i>Bowling Green College of Commerce—A.C.A., A.B.</i>
MISS LOUISE BONDURANT.....	<i>Farmville State Teachers College—B. S. Columbia University—M. A.</i>



the oriole '37

PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 9	Registration of new students
SEPTEMBER 10	Teachers' Day
SEPTEMBER 11	Opening day
OCTOBER 25	Tom Mix visits school
OCTOBER 28	First six-weeks report cards
NOVEMBER 2	Rotary Reception to Teachers
NOVEMBER 5	First Parent-Teacher meeting
NOVEMBER 26-27	Thanksgiving Holidays
	State Teachers' Convention at Richmond
DECEMBER 10	National Honorary Beta Club Chapter organized
DECEMBER 21	Football letters awarded in assembly
DECEMBER 23	Christmas Holidays begin at noon
JANUARY 4	School resumes
JANUARY 20-26	Midyear Examinations
JANUARY 27	Second Semester starts
FEBRUARY 22-26	Art Exhibit
MARCH 2	Romeo and Juliet; The Valiant, presented by Seniors
MARCH 19	Musical comedy "Mike" presented by High School
MARCH 26	Venetian Glass Blowers here
APRIL 1	Basketball letters awarded in assembly
MAY 4	Faculty Reception to Seniors
MAY 7	Seventh Grade Play—"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"
MAY 11	Senior Banquet
MAY 14	Senior Play—"South is South"
MAY 23	Baccalaureate Service
MAY 24-28	Final Examinations
JUNE 1	Commencement

The following curriculum is offered at Pulaski High School:

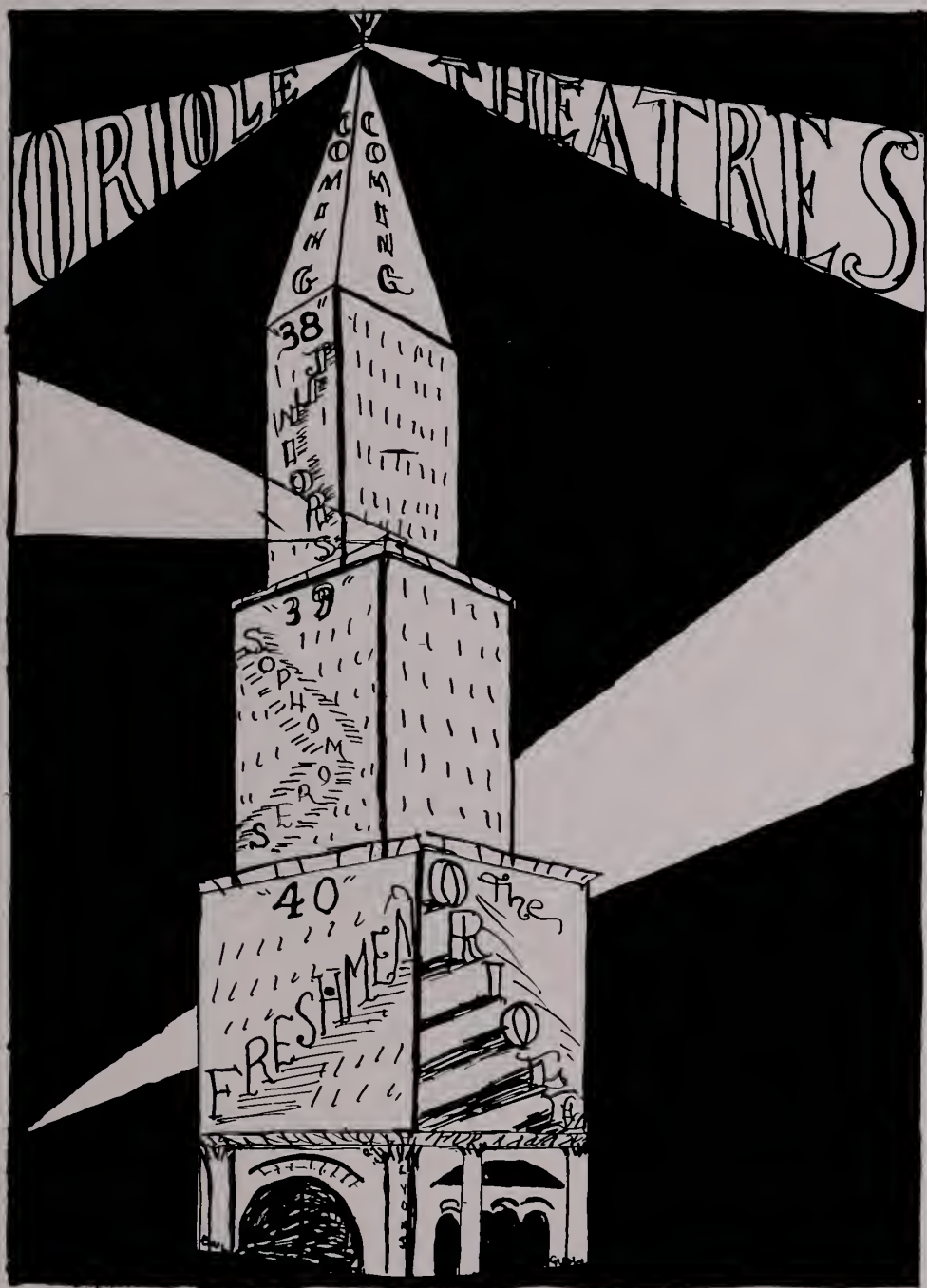
English, 4 units; Mathematics, 4 units; Latin, 2 units; French, 2 units;
Science, 4 units; Social Science, 4 units; Business, 4 units.

Sixteen units are required for graduation. Three definite courses are offered:

CLASSICAL SCIENTIFIC BUSINESS

SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADE FACULTY

MISS ANNE RIDER, MISS ELIZA ANDERSON, MRS. CHLOE CARNEY, MISS
LILLIAN SMITH, MISS VERNA SISSON, MISS BLANCHE GREENE, MISS PEARL
PENDLETON, MISS GALILEE PHELPS.





JUNIOR CLASS



the oriole '37

JUNIOR CLASS

BILL TATE.....*President*

MARY WAUGH.....*Vice-President*

MARY CURRIN ESKRIDGE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Motto—Live and Learn

Flower—Rose

Color—Gold and Black

CLASS ROLL

BOYS

AYLOR, JOSEPH
BAKER, ROY
BURNETT, EUGENE
DALTON, COSNE
DAVIS, WALLACE
FARMER, HUGH
GRAHAM, SAMUEL
HARRIS, ROBERT
HILTZHEIMER, FRANKLIN
HOWARD, FRANK
HUFF, WALTER

KIRBY, WILBUR
LIVINGSTON, LEROY
MEADOWS, EARL
MOREHEAD, GEORGE
MOREHEAD, HENRY
MORRIS, LA VERNE
NIXON, JOSEPH
OWEN, FRED
OWEN, MARSHALL
PAINTER, JIMMIE
PHIBBS, ARBY

PHIBBS, PAUL
RAINES, SISCLE
RIGGS, AUSTIN
ROSENBAUM, RALPH
SIMMONS, ALVIN
TATE, BEN
TATE, BILL
THOMPSON, CLARENCE
TOLLEY, ERNEST
WILLIAMS, JACK
WOODYARD, BUFORD

GIRLS

AGEE, ALLYNE
ALBERT, MILDRED
ALEXANDER, VIRGINIA
ANDREW, GRACE
BARLOW, LILLIAN
BOWMAN, ELIZABETH
BRUGH, KATHERINE
BUSHONG, BETSY
CECIL, GERTRUDE
CECIL, HELEN
COLEMAN, DORIS
CREGER, LAURA MAE
ESKRIDGE, MARY CURRIN

HALE, BRADLEY
HALL, LUCILLE
HARMAN, LAURA KING
HYLTON, STELLA
JONES, MOLLY
KEGLEY, NANCY
KIDD, DOROTHY
MATHENEY, VIVIAN
MARTIN, MARY
McGUIRE, MABEL
MEREDITH, JEAN
MOORE, ANNA RUTH
MUSTARD, VIRGINIA

NELSON, BEVERIDGE
PIKE, FAYE
PRICE, HELEN
QUESENBERRY, PEGGY
RICHARDSON, IRENE
ROSEBERRY, VIRGINIA
SUTHERLAND, KITTIE
TURMAN, BERNICE
UMBERGER, ELIZABETH
WALLNER, MILDRED
WAUGH, MARY
WHITE, ALEENE
WHITE, MARTHA
WINDLE, KATHERINE



SOPHOMORE CLASS



the oriole '37

SOPHOMORE CLASS

RUTH DICKERSON..... *President*
NANCY WORLEY..... *Vice-President*
REBECCA HILTZHEIMER *Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

BOYS

BANE, NED
CARNEY, EDWARD
MACADOO, THOMAS
PERKINS, HOLMES
QUESENBERY, MARVIN

RATCLIFFE, HORACE
REESE, ROY
RICHARDSON, DONALD
RICHARDSON, LEWIS
SEXTON, ANDREW

STEGER, BILL
WARD, RICHARD
WHISMAN, EDWARD
WHITE, EMBREE
WHITESELL, DOUGLAS

GIRLS

DALTON, KALIMA
DICKERSON, RUTH
DOWNS, PEARL
HALL, JEANNE
HEARN, GRACE
HILTZHEIMER, REBECCA
JORDON, BETTY
KEGLEY, ERLINE
KEGLEY, MARGARET
MITCHELL, NANCY

MORRELL, JUDY
McCALL, FRANCES
PARKS, THELMA
RICHARDSON, LOIS
RIGGS, MABEL
ROBERTSON, MARY LEE
RUNION, EDNA
SCHRADER, GLADYS
SMITH, VERNA

SPANGLER, CLARA
STAFFORD, ELIZABETH
STAMBAUGH, MARY
SURBER, KATHLEEN
TENCH, MAE
VINSON, RUTH
WALKER, ELLA
WILLIAMS, AUDREY
WORLEY, NANCY



FRESHMAN CLASS



the oriole '37

FRESHMAN CLASS

JOHN TATE.....*President*
ELMER ROBINSON.....*Vice-President*
SARAH LUGAR.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

BOYS

ADAMS, CONNIE
AKERS, CHARLES
ALLEY, LEONARD
ALTIZER, ARTHUR
AMBURN, WELDON
ANDREW, REX
ASHBY, ANDREW
BAKER, KEMPER
BEAMER, DAVID
BENTLEY, ROY
BOOTHE, HARRY
BOULDIN, JAMES
BROOKMAN, ROBERT
CARPER, GARLAND
CHRISLEY, CURTIS
CHRISLEY, ROY
CLINE, RUSSELL

COX, CHARLES
COX, PAUL
FAGG, IRA
FARMER, RUDOLPH
FORTNER, JACK ARNOLD
FORTNER, BILLY
GOEPPER, FORREST
GOLDEN, HOWARD
GRAY, DAN
HAISLIP, RICHARD
HALL, EUGENE
HARDY, BILL
HEARN, BILL
JACKSON, KERMIT
JAMESON, DAVID
KNOBE, BASCOM
LEFEW, J. C.

MUMPOWER, BILLY
MITCHELL, CHARLES
PERKINS, COOPER
PHIBBS, GARNETT
RAY, MOSE
RICHARDSON, ALVIN
ROBINSON, ELMER
SHEPPARD, ROY
STRAUSS, JIMMIE
STRONG, DONALD
SUTHERLAND, HERBERT
TATE, JOHN
TAYLOR, PAUL
TESTER, RALPH
VINSON, JAMES
WALLACE, BOB
WYGAL, JOHNNIE

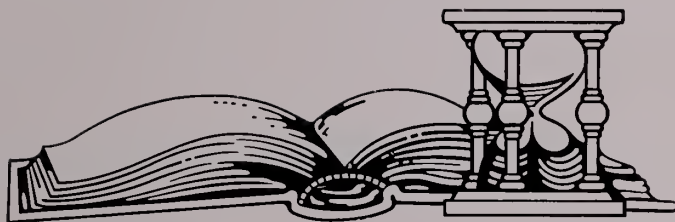
GIRLS

ADAIR, ELIZABETH
ADAMS, ELOISE
AKERS, MARY
AKERS, NEDRA
AMBURN, MARY SUE
ASHBROOKE, WILLIE
BAKER, LINNIE
BLACK, SHIRLEY
BOLT, JEWEL
BROWN, ELIZABETH
BUNTS, MARGARET
CORNELIUS, AGNES
CARNEY, ALICE
CASSELL, MARY LOUISE
CECIL, HELEN
COVEY, LOUISE
DOBBINS, PHYLLIS
EGGERT, ELAINE
FITZGERALD, RUTH
FRIER, KATHRYN
GILMER, ISABELLE
GLEASON, JANE

GRANTHAM, ISABELLE
HARMAN, KATHERINE
HUDSON, SARAH
HURST, AGNES
JACKSON, MARY EDITH
JACKSON, MARY HELEN
JOHNSON, LETA
KEISTER, MILDRED
KING, FRANKIE
LESTER, MOZELLE
LONG, ELOISE
LONG, HELEN
LUGAR, SARAH
LYTTON, MURIEL
MANUEL, DOROTHY
MARTIN, LUCILLE
MARTIN, MARGARET
McCALL, MILDRED
MELTON, GRACE
MOREFIELD, MILD
MOREHEAD, ANN
MURPHY, AUDREY

NELSON, ALMEDIA
OGLE, AUDREY
OWENS, KATHLEEN
OWENS, MARGARET
PETTYJOHN, MILDRED
PLUNKETT, FRANCES
PYRTLE, DOROTHY
RASH, MARGARET
ROBINSON, RUTH
RODGERS, RUTH
STONE, LENA
SURREATT, ALICE
SWAIN, HELEN
THOMPSON, VIRGINIA
VAUGHAN, PEGGY
WADDELL, MYRTLE
WALLACE, IDA
WEBB, DORIS
WHITAKER, BETTY
WHITE, MABEL
WRIGHT, NELL





ORGANIZATIONS



the oriole '37

NATIONAL HONORARY BETA CLUB PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL CHAPTER

"The purposes of this organization shall be the promotion of scholastic excellence and the cultivation of the ideals of loyalty, courage, honesty, and leadership among high school students."

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA ALEXANDER.....*President*
WATTS STEGER.....*Vice-President*
FRANCES LEFFEW.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
MR. HENSEL ECKMAN.....*Sponsor*

MEMBERS

JACK LUGAR
TOM COMBITHS
JACK POWELL
EUGENE SEXTON
WATTS STEGER
VALENCIA VAUGHAN
MARY THORN PAINTER

MARY CARSON
FRANCES LEFFEW
HELEN CECIL
DORIS COLEMAN
DOROTHY KIDD
VIRGINIA ALEXANDER
KATHERINE WINDLE

PAUL PHIBBS
JIMMY PAINTER
HUGH FARMER
GRACE ANDREW
BOB HARRIS
BEN TATE
WALLACE DAVIS



the oriole '37

FRENCH CIRCLE

*Motto—Toujours Pret.
Flower—Lily.*

OFFICERS

CHARLES MASHBURN.....	<i>President</i>
MARY CARSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LIDA MACGILL.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS ELIZABETH BLAIR.....	<i>Sponsor</i>

MEMBERS

DAWN LYONS
MARY THORN PAINTER

MARY ELLEN GRAY
HELEN SOWERS
MAURICE BROWN

GARNETT LYONS
JOE ROBINSON

THE French Circle was organized in November with a membership of ten. Each month we have a meeting at the home of one of our members. Throughout the meeting French games are played. Our sponsor, Miss Elizabeth Blair, takes much interest in our work and we enjoy very much having her meet with us. Her fun loving character and lovely personality make our meetings much more enjoyable.



H-Y



OFFICERS—GIRLS

BOBBY CECIL.....	<i>President</i>
MARY THORN PAINTER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
BONNIE JEAN PAINTER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BETSY BUSHONG.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS ELIZABETH PUGH.....	<i>Sponsor</i>

MEMBERS—GIRLS

VIRGINIA ALEXANDER
DULCIE BENTLEY
DOROTHY BONES
ELIZABETH BOWMAN
BETSY BUSHONG
MARY CARSON
BOBBY CECIL

DORIS COLEMAN
KALIMA DALTON
MARY CURRIN ESKRIDGE
JEAN HALL
REBECCA HILTZHEIMER
BETTY JORDAN
NANCY KEGLEY

LIDA MACGILL
JEAN MEREDITH
JUDY MORRELL
BONNIE JEAN PAINTER
MARY THORN PAINTER
DAWN LYONS
IRIS SEAGLE

OFFICERS—BOYS

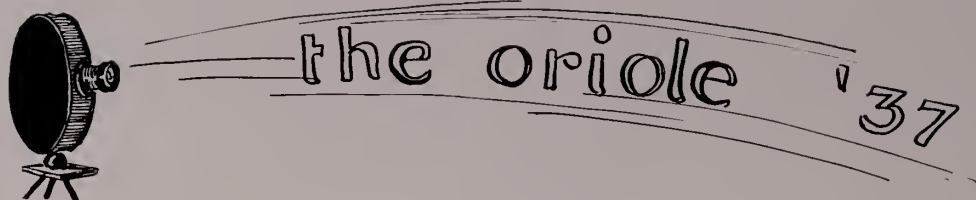
TOMMY COMBITHS.....	<i>President</i>
WATTS STEGER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JACK LUGAR.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS—BOYS

ELMER FROST
FRANK VIA
JUNIOR HARRIMAN
WATTS STEGER
TOMMY COMBITHS
HENRY MOREHEAD
ARBY PHIBBS
PAUL PHIBBS
MELVIN WHITAKER

NEAL KEGLEY
JACK FITZGERALD
EUGENE SEXTON
CHARLES MASHBURN
JACK LUGAR
BILL TATE
BEN TATE
BOBBY HARRIS
FRANK HOWARD

GEORGE MOREHEAD
EDWIN GRANTHAM
ROY WINDLE
JACK POWELL
LEROY LIVINGSTON
WILBUR KIRBY
RALPH ROSENBAUM
CLINTON CHUMBLEY
BUFORD WOODYARD



WRITERS' CLUB

OFFICERS

TOMMY COMBITHS.....*President*
WATTS STEGER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
MISS BONDURANT.....*Sponsor*

CHARTER MEMBERS

MARY CARSON
FRANCES LEFFEW
MARY THORN PAINTER

VALENCIA VAUGHAN
TOMMY COMBITHS
WATTS STEGER

FRANK VIA
JUNIOR PIKE
JACK POWELL

NINE Senior students, selected because of their achievement in the prescribed English course and because of their interest in literature and creative writing, organized the Writers' Club to develop a more discriminating taste in reading; to stimulate a larger number of high school students to participate in literary activities of the school, and to form readers for a future chapter of the Quill and Scroll, national honorary fraternity of high school journalists.





SKIING TRIP

I HAD READ and heard much about the craze that sends hundreds of New Yorkers gaily up into New England every week-end in the winter time, so I determined to find out what it was all about. I purchased a pair of white ash skis, seven and a half feet long, and two ski poles. I also bought a pair of heavy ski boots, cap and wax.

I learned from a friend that Pittsfield, Mass., is a good place to go for skiing, so I decided to go there. Weather reports for skiing are published every Friday in the *New York Times*, and one Friday morning I read this report for Pittsfield: "Skiing excellent, snow 20 inches, loose surface, temperature 15, sky clear." This was what I had been waiting for, so I got ready and left on the early afternoon snow train. Late in the afternoon I arrived in Pittsfield, and after eating a large dinner—for the cold climate makes good appetites—I spent the night in a hotel.

I awoke with the dawn of a cold clear day, and after eating my breakfast I went out to the practice slopes. At first I could hardly stand up on those slippery pieces of wood, but after many downhill slides and falls, I gained some measure of balance and control. The sun had risen rather high and it became quite warm, so I shed my jacket, though the temperature of the air was about 20°. I now sought out the help of the hotel expert. He taught me how to double-stem, which is the underlying principle of ski control. I had a book on skiing which gave me instructions for making turns so I set about to teach myself how to make such turns as Christianias, Telemarks, stem-turns. These terms are imported from Norway. By dusk I had managed to make a few fairly decent turns. I now considered myself pretty good, so I decided that I would try some down mountain running on the morrow—Sunday. I think I nearly ate out the hotel that night and I was asleep before I hit the bed.

The next morning I was very stiff and sore, but I took the bus for Mt. Greylock. Mt. Greylock is not far from Pittsfield and is the highest mountain in Massachusetts. It is 3,505 feet in height. A ski trail is cut twisting down the sides of this peak and it is termed "Thunderbolt," one of the most difficult trails in New England. This is what the Berkshire ski map says about the run: "Thunderbolt ski run; east slope of Mt. Greylock; class,



the oriole '37

advanced; length, 1.55 miles (racing trail, 1 mile and 1,050 feet); vertical descent, 2,060 feet (racing track, 1,760 feet); width 18-60 feet; maximum grade, 35 degrees; exposure, north, east and southeast; depth of snow necessary, 5 inches."

The drive on the bus was beautiful. The sun was shining brightly on the deep-packed snow. Occasionally we passed through pine groves which were laden with glistening snow. As we approached the mountain we caught glimpses through the frosty bus windows of the jagged scar cut down the side of the mountain. Leaving the bus, I started climbing up the trail. It was some job plowing through the snow. Finally, after many rests, I reached the top. The view was stupendous. I could see miles and miles of snow and forests. Away down to the south, I could see the smoke from New York.

I fastened on my skis and pushed off. I was flying in the first ten yards. The speed took my breath. The first turn loomed ahead. Now I must stem-turn. Good Lord! I seemed to forget all I ever knew about turning, so I did the only sensible thing—I fell sideways. I went off the trail in a cloud of snow. As it happened, I was not hurt. I was quite abashed. I had not reckoned on such speed, so I stemmed the rest of the way down, taking the turns slowly. I tell you I was relieved when I reached the foot of the mountain. I again boarded the bus and returned to Pittsfield, where I took the train back to New York. I'm still reading the weather forecasts. I am going to have another try at Thunderbolt.

Tommy Combiths, '37.





PERSONALITY

BY personality we mean the extent to which one is able to interest and influence other people. If one has a good personality one can go a long way in the world. Personality is important in many ways. For instance, in business if a person goes to someone's office to try to secure a position, the first thing the employer notices is what kind of personality the applicant has. After talking with the applicant a short time he finds out what kind of personality he or she has. No one wants a person working for him who does not go out of the way to be polite, or who cannot hold his temper, or who cannot see other people's view of things.

In social relationship, personality is necessary. The influence you have on others determines a lot. Is it a good or bad influence? A girl playing tennis loses the game. She is a good loser. She has the right kind of spirit about it. She realizes that although she lost this time there is always the next chance to win. Some people at the match notice her good spirit and that gives them the idea of copying this strong trait of personality she has. Therefore she has a good influence over other people.

Some people naturally develop a wider range of personality, while with others it is harder to develop. But a good personality can be acquired by any one who is willing to take the necessary trouble. For example, if you dislike a person be friendly to him even though it hurts underneath. In the end it may result in mutual friendship. You may be able to see his good traits and forget his bad ones. If asked to serve on a committee, serve on it even though it was difficult and you didn't want to. If playing a game that doesn't interest you, make believe you are interested. You may not think these instances can determine your personality, but they all amount to a lot. A person can acquire a good personality by getting plenty of rest. If one is tired he is too apt to become disinterested in things. It is too easy to say "I can't do this" or "I'm no good at that." Your temper can get the best of you when you are tired and when you feel that things don't suit you.

When we were children our parents began to teach us good traits. They tried to start us out on the right track. They tried to develop and give us personality, but after all it is oneself who does most of the develop-



the oriole '37

ing. It means a lot to parents when they hear someone speak of what a good personality their child has. It makes them feel that they have accomplished something. It makes one feel good to tell them how well they look or what a becoming frock they are wearing. This person will naturally think you are the grandest person in the world. Altogether you get along better with other people if you have a good personality.

"You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you." This was one of the secrets of Theodore Roosevelt's astonishing popularity.

Hughes Mearns says, "Personality has its own ways of self expression in language, pictures, invention, thinking, construction, make believe, and bodily movement. Its outward manifestations are often crude, rough and innocently shocking; and so it may remain an undeveloped part of the spirit unless sympathetic and understanding persons are about to help it grow."

Lida Macgill.

Nature's Child

*Oh, wouldn't you like to be Nature's child
And stroll in the woods and heath,
To be able to mingle with clouds and sky
And know nothing but joy—no pain, no grief.
And then at night, when the stars shine down,
With mother moon and all the clouds,
To watch the fairies dance 'round and 'round
With ghosts of the past in shining shrouds.
If only these mortals would be happy and gay
Instead of reaching and grasping for fame:
Why not copy the birds that in the treetops sway
And live in peace, with no one to blame?
We're put on this earth for some good cause
And we owe a debt to God and man.
Whenever at work or play we should pause
To thank Him for His helping hand.*

Frank Via.



the oriole '37

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

IT WAS a night in midsummer. The moonbeams were soft, the starlight divine as they strolled down Lover's Lane side by side. Then he slipped his arm around her neck, and the caresses he gave her caused even the nightingales to pause in their melodious night song to smile at the two.

Tonight he was happy, yet there was a growing sorrow in his heart, for on the morrow they must part, perhaps forever.

As nearer the house they drew each trail, tree, and star seemed to sigh—sighing of past memories, of dreams and days gone by.

Soon they reached the gate; her neck he released and his sweet words of love ceased. As he took one last look at her down his cheek stole a tear and he stood as one in a dream. Then he turned and quickly hastened from the gate—and her. Yet not once had he paused to kiss her full red lips.

"Goodnight," he whispered, thinking only of the morrow and her coming fate. "Gosh," he thought, "I'm gonna miss her a lot. And to think I almost kissed her good-bye! And wouldn't people have laughed if I had, and some one had seen me—me only a poor farmer's boy and she, she a rich young Jersey cow.

J. C. Lefew.

The Cowboy

*'Way out west where men were men
And most of them couldn't count to ten;
Their spry little ponies didn't do any balking,
And their six shooters did all their talking.*

*He was a rider for the "Pony Express,"
Who carried the mail and the news from the press;
He killed a leader of a red band
Whose name was "Big Chief Yellow Hand."*

*The man's deeds shall long be remembered;
He was killed one day in bleak December.
He is now buried on Lookout Hill;
This great cowboy was "Buffalo Bill."*

Charles Mashburn, '37.



the oriole '37

CUTTING CLASSES

IF IT had not have been for you, my dear English teacher, this essay doubtless would never have been written, and to you I transfer all the blame for whatever comments are made on this masterpiece. However, I know of no human (by that I mean the average person) who is better acquainted with the subject of this essay than myself—unless it is my best friend.

Nevertheless, I have taken upon myself this delicate subject and in the following paragraphs I will endeavor to reveal the methods used, causes of, and *cures* for “cutting class.” Now, first of all, by cutting classes we mean being present somewhere else while the roll is being called in a certain class when you are supposed to be there answering it. Of course, you all know that classes are those sixty-minute intervals in which one can always find time to think of something else, instead of English, history, or whatever the case may be.

There is no direct cause for the cutting of classes. It is simply the natural desire a person has for a coca-cola, a “camel,” or gossip, instead of listening to what Chaucer wrote or why he wrote it. This desire is not confined to any certain lad or lassie; it affects both young and old. But, on the other hand, one has to be equipped with something more than the desire for a “dope” if he expects to forget Chaucer and get the “dope” at the same time.

Now we come to the methods. The method most commonly used is lingering awhile putting up your books, then shyly peeping over the upstairs railing to see if the Principal is using the hall below at the moment, at last tripping *lightly* down the steps, hoping you can reach the side door before your absence has been detected.

This method may have its advantages; still, for myself, I strongly advocate the following method, and may I add that this method has not only been tried during the last period of last year but proved successful, not only by some of my closest friends but by some of the high school’s outstanding students:

The first step is to walk briskly to your desk and place your books, or, if you prefer (or should I say, if you are good enough), you can stand in the



the oriole '37

doorway and lightly toss the four of them into your seat. I cannot guarantee that they will land in a neat pile or without noise on the top of the desk, but that has nothing to do with the subject. It is just a matter of one's choice. Next, button your coat securely, adjust your muffler, assume a dignified and important air, and walk loudly down the steps. I may suggest stopping and pondering thoughtfully at the bulletin board a bit and then walking out the front door. The advantage in this is that every one will think you don't have a class, for if you did, you wouldn't have nerve enough to use the front entrance. The only catch is, to be certain that one certain teacher doesn't see you; otherwise this method is flawless. Once outside you can do as you please. There is no known cure for this mania of "cutting classes," unless it is that little slip of paper issued every June 10. I think they call it a diploma or something. Of course, once you acquire that you have no use for this method of procedure.

Speaking of my colleagues, I once knew a certain J—— M—— who was practically a "pro" in the business. Naturally there were some who hadn't acquired the correct technique.

Now, take me for example. I am considered one of the best, if not the best, "class cutter" in the school, and I am positive that if every reader will carefully study my method, in no less than ten days he will acquire

"Why, yes, Mr. Eckman. Me? I had no intention of skipping English class whatsoever. I was just reading the bulletin board. Well, isn't that odd? My watch must have stopped. You were going up to English class too?"

Well I'll be!

Dawn Purvis Lyons, '37.





the oriole '37

FACES

IT IS interesting to study faces on a street car in the late afternoon. The faces are always hot and tired looking. Things may not have gone right at the office; if not, it can always be told by the expression on the face. If there is a young, happy, contented look on a face, it is evident that everything has gone all right.

It is most interesting because there are so many different expressions, and so very many different faces. There are young, eager, and inexperienced faces; old, tired and careworn faces, and there are also middleaged, experienced faces.

Each face is just a little more interesting than the one before it.

Audrey Murphy, '41.

What do You See in a Picture?

"When you look at a picture, what do you see?"
You seem to say as you look at me,
"This sets me thinking of my many friends
Whose pictures I have almost without end.
These images serve to make me gay
When the load grows heavy and the days grow gray.
I look behind the face to see
The kind deeds they did for me.
Thus, when I look at a picture I see not only the face
But the person who bears it, the time and place
That I knew him, too.
This is what I see, but what do you?"

Frances Leffew, '37.



the oriole '37

JAZZ MUSIC

HOW'M I doin' Hey! Hey!" I daresay that there are not two people out of every ten who are not familiar with this quotation and who do not know from whom I am quoting. Can we say then that jazz has such a wide appeal that ninety-five per cent of the American people are very familiar with the more popular jazz compositions (if we may term them such)?

Sometimes we hear people say, "I love jazz, it simply thrills me through and through." On the other hand we sometimes hear this: "Jazz is the root of all evil, and it is leading the young people astray and wrecking their lives." Well, what is jazz and why is there so much controversy about it? Nothing under the sun that man has made is really perfect, so if jazz has some qualities that are not admirable, it is no more than we can expect.

One night as I was sitting in church trying to be interested and especially to keep from falling asleep, the preacher made this profound statement, "Jazz is a colossal travesty." I could hardly control myself until I could get home to a dictionary to see what jazz really is. I found that jazz is a huge imitation. How could this be so? It seems to me so unique in form that it should be set apart from other forms of music. The main feature in jazz is the wonderful rhythm. This, together with the use of syncopation, or the transferring of the strong accent to the weaker accent, and also harmony (although some people think that there is no harmony in jazz), make up the essential elements. In classical music the old masters insisted on accenting certain notes, but not even the choicest sonata can boast of the rhythm found in jazz. In jazz, however, those forces which nature has given us that make us want to pat our feet and sway our bodies give full swing to their inclinations. So, really, jazz in one sense is an improvement over classical music.

When one is asked to play a classical number, and if one knows that he is not able to do justice to that piece, one does not usually try to play it. However, if that same person were asked to play a jazz piece, he would certainly try it. Now there are just as few people who can play jazz as there are who can play classical music. When one hears girls continually trying to play jazz, making the most terrible discords, haven't you heard



the oriole '37

people say, "Good gracious, what a noise! That must be some of those terrible modern pieces?"

I remember our preacher one Sabbath day discussed the undesirable effects of jazz on the emotions. For an illustration he used the jazz piece "Singin' in the Bathtub." What is wrong with that? I think it is a delightful habit, and if one gets so much enjoyment out of the performance that one can sing, then I say, "Go to it!"

I want to quote still from another song, "You can't laugh until you've learned to cry; sunshine must follow gloom." Essays have been written, sermons have been preached on this quotation and it has comforted thousands of people in their darkest hours.

Today musical people are finding fault with our modern composers. If the composer of today does not treat the themes that appeal most strongly to us, it is probably because he can find no terms in which to do so save those of his predecessors. I feel that we shall soon see the day when only the best elements of jazz will be evident and the undesirable ones will be exterminated. However, jazz is inferior to classical music in the emotions it arouses. Classical music inspires me to be ambitious, to do helpful things and to love everyone. On the other hand, jazz makes me want to kick up my heels and say, "Let the rest of the world go by, but let me have my fun!"

There isn't anything more inspiring than classical music, but jazz is a way out of your troubles. So I hope that you all may say the same thing in your heart as I do, "Long live jazz!"

Mary Thorn Painter, '37.





the oriole '37

THE ART OF CATCHING FISH WITH YOUR HANDS

IT WAS during my camping trip at Long Spur, Va., that I first learned to catch fish with my hands. We had camped for about a week, during which my friend with whom I was camping had made an acquaintanceship with one of the local boys.

One day he went with this boy on a fishing trip. I noticed that they carried no fishing equipment with them. (That was crazy, I thought.) They were gone about an hour and a half and returned with a nice catch of fish. You could have knocked me over with a feather when my friend told me that they had caught them with their hands!

My friend was very enthusiastic over this new method of fishing and just couldn't wait to show me how. I went along with him as soon as we had eaten our dinner, and I went barefooted, which was a very foolish thing to do I afterwards learned. We were camped just a short walk from Little Walker's creek, which is shallow (about six or eight inches deep) at this point. (If the water is too deep you cannot catch fish with your hands.) Most of the bottom is composed of sharp upthrust ledges of slate which lacerated our feet terribly. It is strewn with boulders of varying sizes under which the fish hide.

Wading into the water, my friend poked a long stick under a rock and succeeded in running out a fish. He ran along the bank and saw it disappear under a large rock. Reaching underneath with both hands, he brought forth a large flopping "red-eye."

As this looked simple I decided to try it. Wading out to the habitat of one of these finny creatures, I boldly thrust my hand underneath. Groping about I finally grasped the fish. It felt as if I had grabbed a pincushion full of red-hot needles. With a yelp I dropped the fish while my companion rolled on the bank in a fit of laughter. I was so disgusted that I immediately returned to the camp. A few days later our parents came to visit us and we decided to catch some fish for them. We crossed the spur and covered about two miles of the creek in our fishing. When we returned we triumphantly carried twenty-three fine specimens, none of them under eight inches, including bass, red-eyes and suckers. This was our largest catch.

Later on that week I got my biggest scare in fishing. While I was



the oriole '37

fishing I thought I saw a large sucker glide under a large boulder near by. I waded over to it and groped underneath searching for the fish. Grasping what I thought was the sucker I pulled it from underneath the rock. In my hands was a large brown water moccasin! You can bet that I made tracks from that spot. I was so scared that I was afraid to fish with my hands for almost two weeks.

This type of fishing also helps to increase the knowledge of nature. For instance, you know that if a fish avoids a certain rock there is usually a snake or turtle underneath. Also you will see that bass remain mostly in open water and seldom go under rocks.

There are certain types of nature that each person likes better than another. Mine happens to be water and the inhabitants that dwell therein. This type of fishing has helped to increase my love for nature. Fishing happens to be one of my favorite hobbies, and learning the art of fishing with my hands has greatly increased the pleasure of my fishing.

Watts Steger, '37.

But No Use

*If I could walk the streets once more
With that straightforward tread,
No care of mine to worry for—
But no use: I'm doomed for dead.*

*If I could see my mother, dear,
And hold her close upon my breast
To kiss away a wistful tear—
But no use: I go where God knows best.*

*They sentenced me to die at dawn,
And even now I don't repent
The crime I did; it was not wrong—
But no use: my punishment is sent.*

*I sit here now in this dark cell,
So cold with the chill of morn,
For just how long I cannot tell—
But no use: I die when day is born.*

H. C. Vaughan, '37.

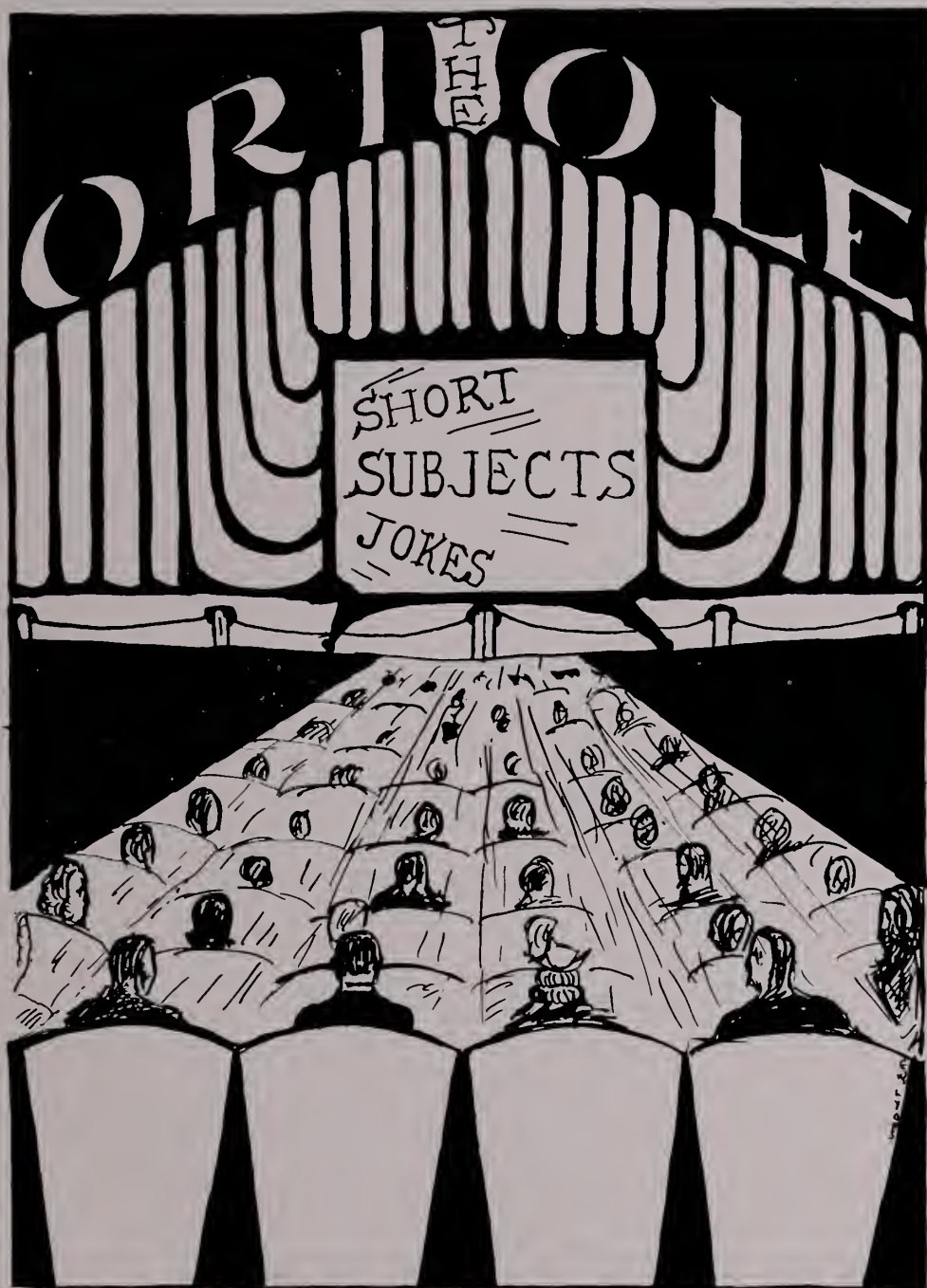


the oriole '37

Safe in My Armchair

*I love to sit in my armchair soft
And read my books of below and aloft—
Books of adventure, books of a dream,
Books that to me so wonderful seem.
That I can sit by my fireplace warm
Reading of some raging storm;
That while Jim Hawkins' life is in danger,
Or the wild west life of a Texas ranger,
I sit in my armchair unmindful of fear.
Not one word spoken to me do I hear,
So entranced by some make-believe sight,
Though I try and try with all my might,
I can think of nothing with more delight
Than to sit within my armchair's height
And read and dream from day into night.*

Ann Morehead, '40.





the oriole '37

JOKES

Rebecca H.—Jean Hall tried to drown herself three times because of a man.

May T.—What kind of man?

Rebecca H.—A life guard (Bill Tate).

* * *

Joe Aylor—How long have you been shaving?

Charles M.—Four years now.

Joe—G'wan.

Charles—Yes, sir. Cut my self both times.

* * *

Wife—What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?

Hubby—I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather.

* * *

Edward T.—Where yuh goin' with that clock?

Maurice B.—Up to the top of the hill.

Edward—What for?

Maurice—To watch it run down.

* * *

Walter H.—Darn it! Everybody puts his nose into my business.

Bradley H.—Can't you do something?

Walter—Why should I? I manufacture handkerchiefs.

* * *

Windy Taylor—Listen, officer! I've got a date with two swell blondes, and I was speeding to hunt up another fellow.

Cop—Say! You'd better tell that to the judge.

Windy—What, you mean you want me to take it to court?

Cop—No, I mean the judge would like one of the blondes.

* * *

Mary Currin—I'd like to see the captain of this ship.

Sailor—He's forward, miss.

Mary Currin—That's all right. This is a pleasure trip.

* * *

Mother—Well, son, what have you been doing this afternoon?

Bill Dent—Shooting craps, mother.

Mother—That must stop. Those little things have just as much right to live as you.

Captain—If you don't salute properly I'll give you five demerits.

Norman—How much is that in American money?

* * *

Miss Pugh—You know what a senator is?

Ralph R.—There's a matador, a picador and a senator.

Miss Pugh—No, stupid. Matadors and picadors fight the bull.

Ralph R.—I see . . . Senators just throw the bull.

* * *

Tommy C.—You're dancing with me tonight and I suppose tomorrow you'll be making a date with some other man.

Mary Carson—Yes, my chiropodist.

* * *

Iris S.—Don't you ever look at a man and wish you were single again.

Dawn L.—Yes.

Iris S.—Who?

Dawn L.—My husband.

* * *

Jean M.—I'll die if you don't kiss me.

Rosewell S.—This is terrible. I'm being torn between love and duty.

Jean M.—What do you mean, dear?

Rosewell—I'm in the undertaking business.

* * *

Wilbur K.—I hear you were fined for beating up that magician.

Frank H.—That's right. He made my mother-in-law disappear.

Wilbur K.—And you beat him up for that?

Frank H.—No, for bringing her back.

* * *

Mary W.—Isn't this a wonderful car?

Katherine B.—Yes, one of the boys gave it to me to remember him by.

Mary W.—Which boy?

Katherine—Oh, I've forgotten.

* * *

Bill Tate—What's the big idea, wearing my raincoat?

Ben—It's raining. You wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?



the oriole '37

Judge—You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck?

Joyce—Yes, your honor.

Judge—What have you to say in your defense?

Joyce—I didn't know it was loaded.

* * *

Roy Windle—When you and your boy friend neck who gets the most excited?

Lida M.—My father.

* * *

Reporter—I've got a perfect news story.

Editor—How come? Man bit dog?

Reporter—No, a bull threw Mr. Billips.

* * *

Virginia A.—Does your lipstick come off easily?

Jean M.—No, I usually put up a pretty good fight.

* * *

MEN ONLY READ THIS

Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

* * *

King H.—Darling, I'm hungry for love.

Bessie Lee—Then let me put my arms around you.

King H.—Why?

Bessie Lee—Well, if you're hungry you want something that'll stick to your ribs.

* * *

Tommy C.—I know a man who absolutely refuses to wear riding breeches when he mounts a horse.

Jack P.—Cowboy?

Tommy C.—Naw, taxidermist.

* * *

Betty J.—Handsome, do you want to hear something that is positively a scream?

Tom M.—Sure.

Betty J.—Try and kiss me.

* * *

Valencia V.—I sent that producer my play about the princess and the beggar.

Miss Bondurant—Really? Where was the play laid?

Valencia V.—In the waste basket.

* * *

Mr. Rice—I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

(Voice from the rear)—Go home and sleep it off, Prof.

Virginia R.—Good gracious! I feel a draft in here.

Blanche C.—No wonder; Tommy Combitis has his mouth open.

* * *

Melvin W.—Gee, maw, I would like to be an aviator.

Mrs. Whitaker—No, Melvin dear, I believe you would make a good doctor.

Melvin (very innocently)—Naw, maw, I never was good at working with figures.

* * *

Mrs. Leffew—Frances, did you come right out and tell Bob that you loved him?

Frances—Why, no, mother, he simply had to squeeze it out of me.

* * *

Peggy Q.—But, Henry, have you seen my mother?

Henry P.—Yes, many times, but I love you just the same.

* * *

E. C. Kidd—Where did you get all that money?

Junior H.—Borrowed it from Jack Lugar.

E. C.—But I thought he was pretty tight.

Jr. H.—He was.

* * *

Mrs. Seagle—What! Your son is an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor.

Mrs. Crabtree—No, I said he followed the medical profession.

* * *

Toots Brown (before Watts)—I'm going to wear my most daring gown. And how would you like my hair?

Watts Steger—Right on my shoulder.

* * *

Mrs. Purvis (looking over report card)—Why, Dawn, what do you mean by failing your algebra?

Dawn—Who cares; I'm not going to feed my husband any $x+x=2y$.

* * *

Tommy C.—Do you object to being kissed, Mary?

Mary C.—That's something I've never done, Tommy.

Tommy—Kissed, Mary?

Mary—Objected, Tommy.



the oriole '37

Doris—Don't you think there's something cheap about necking?

Rosewell—Oh, yes, it very often cheapens the electric light bill.

* * *

Stranger—Could you tell me where I could find the Second Presbyterian Church?

Joyce (leaning on a tree on the day after)—Brother, I could not even tell you where the first one is.

* * *

Mae Tench—What kind of dress did Jean H. wear to the party last night?

Bill—I don't know, but I think it was checked.

Mae—Boy, that must have been some party.

* * *

Mary C.—I hear that when it comes to kissing, Iris is an experienced hand.

Alouise—Huh! I'll bet she slaps every man that tries to kiss her.

Mary C.—Sure, that's why her hand is so experienced.

* * *

Mr. Steger (intense with excitement)—Well, Watts, what happened when you asked your boss for a raise?

Watt—Why, he was like a lamb.

Mr. Steger—What did he say?

Watts—Baa!

* * *

A Pulaski teacher found it necessary to send a note home with Johnny requesting that he be given a bath occasionally. The following day she received this indignant answer: "Dear Teacher: Johnny ain't no rose. Don't smell him; learn him."

* * *

Little Nancy W., who is rather slender, called to see Joe Aylor's new dog the other day. The pup took an instant liking to her and followed her around the barn.

Nancy W.—"Your dog likes me better than he does you."

"Don't you know why?" said Joe A. "He thinks you are a bone."

* * *

As Clinton C. drove his old broken down Ford on the toll bridge the bridge keeper took one look at it and said, "50c for that one."

"Sold," replied Clinton in a hurry.

Little Hubert G. at the zoo. "Oh, mama, that monkey looks just like my uncle Ned."

Mother—Why, Hubert, the idea; you should not say such things.

Hubert—Aw, mama, the monkey can't understand.

* * *

Dietitian—Yes, a few lettuce leaves with olive oil, and a glass of orange juice. There, that completes your daily diet.

Molly Jones—Thank you so much, but do you take this before or after meals.

* * *

Teacher—Now, Jazz, how many seasons are there?

Jazz—Two.

Teacher—Only two? Name them.

Jazz—Baseball and football.

* * *

Miss Bondurant—Surely, you know what the word "mirror" means, Roy. After you have washed what do you look at to see if your face is clean?

Roy—The towel.

* * *

Mary Sue—I can see that I am just a little pebble in your life.

Jordan—That's all, but I do wish you were a little bolder.

* * *

As Doctor Tyler was standing in the doorway of his store Douglas W. came running at top gait and butted his head squarely into him.

"Hey, kid," demanded Dr. Tyler. "What's the matter?"

"I am trying to keep two kids from getting in a fight," panted Douglas.

"Who are the boys?" asked Dr. Tyler.

"I'm one of them."

* * *

Miss Kinder—Judy, name three collective nouns.

Judy—Flypaper, dustpan and wastebasket.

* * *

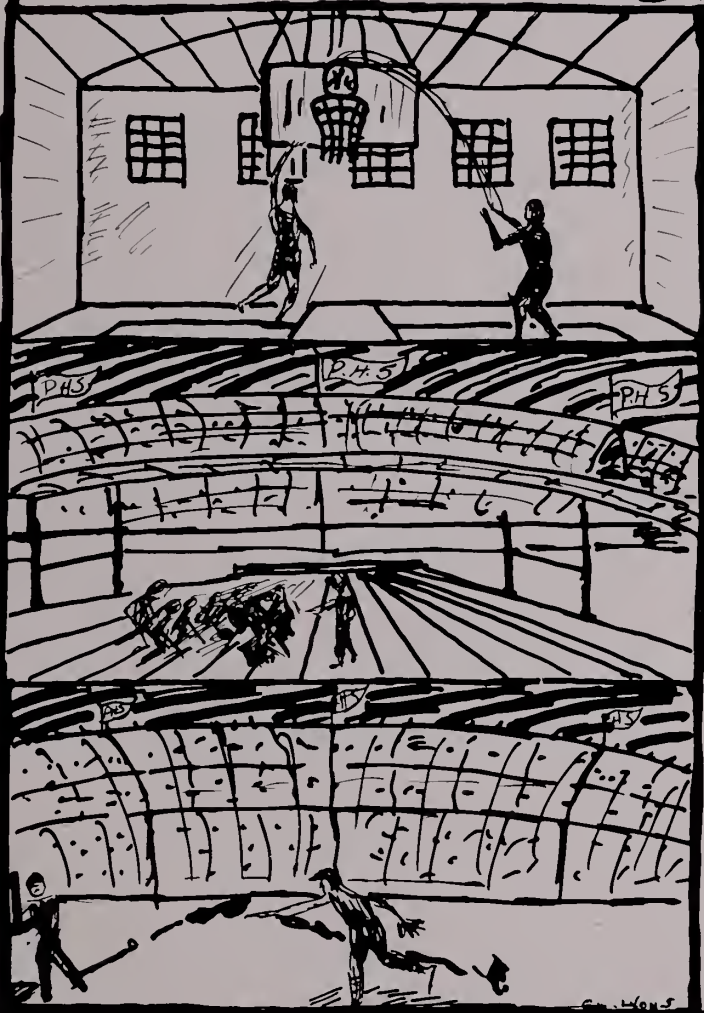
Miss Bondurant—Watts, do you like Shakespeare?

Watts—Yes, ma'm.

Miss Bondurant—Why do you like him?

Watts—Because he died about 400 years ago.

SPORTS





FOOTBALL



HENRY MOREHEAD, *Captain*



JIMMIE PAINTER, *Manager*

FOOTBALL SQUAD

JACK WARD
HENRY MOREHEAD
HENRY PATTERSON
ROY BAKER
TOM COMBITHS
PRESTON JONES
RALPH HALL
ROY REESE
C. J. HAISLIP

DICK HAISLIP
CLINTON CHUMBLEY
BEN TATE
G. W. JOHNSON
NEAL KEGLEY
WALTER HUFF
ANDREW SEXTON
JACK POWELL
BILL TATE

HOWARD GOLDEN
BERMAN GRANTHAM
EUGENE SEXTON
JOHN WYGAL
EDWIN GRANTHAM
CONNIE ADAMS
JIMMIE PAINTER
RICHARD WARD
DONALD RICHARDSON



the oriole '37

FOOTBALL SUMMARY

AS THE curtain rose for the fall of 1936, we had seven letter men with which to start building for our football team. With seven from a squad of twenty letter men, Coach Raymond Randall Rice began the rather discouraging job of building a winning team. Although at first we may have looked like many previous squads, we soon developed into a strong eleven.

"Jazz" Morehead, our captain, proved a fine player as well as being able to hold his team together with fine spirits. Winning five out of seven games against strong opponents, we feel very successful in comparison to teams of previous years.

Although we lose six letter men this year, we are encouraged by the remaining material and the new material coming up under the leadership of Bill Tate, who was elected captain of the 1937 team. We look forward to a season as successful as the past.

VINTON.....	13	P. H. S.....	19
BLACKSBURG.....	0	P. H. S.....	25
NARROWS.....	0	P. H. S.....	20
RICH VALLEY.....	2	P. H. S.....	19
WILLIAM FLEMING.....	6	P. H. S.....	32
RADFORD.....	19	P. H. S.....	6
WYTHEVILLE.....	15	P. H. S.....	12
	55		133



the oriole '37

Dedicated to the Football Team of '36

*Fight! Fight! Fight far down the field, men;
Hold your line against the foe;
On your guard, watch the right—
There's a battle to be won, you know.*

*Onward, blocking head and shoulder,
Plow on through and o'er the goal,
With pride of sportsmen old
Surging through each soul of
You men who love a fight.
Here's to men who love a fight!*

*Fight! Fight! Fight and on your way, men,
Play the game in bravery.
You have won when you smile, men,
And face the end with gallantry.*

*Onward, tackle every challenge;
My heart, I pledge to see you through.
Our brotherhood in truth
And we the Spirit of Youth
Of Pulaski's football team—
Strength of Virginia to be.*

Mollie Jones, '38.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

VIRGINIA MUSTARD
BOBBY CECIL
BONNIE JEAN PAINTER
PEGGY QUESENBERRY

MILDRED ALBERT
MARY STAMBAUGH
MARY CURRIN ESKRIDGE
DORIS COLEMAN

IRENE RICHARDSON
GRACE ANDREWS
MARY WAUGH
WINIFRED BEAMER



BOBBY CECIL, *Captain*



BONNIE JEAN PAINTER, *Manager*

SHORTLY after football season we started basketball. Since the whole first team of last year graduated, we had very little material left and were inexperienced. Our team being outclassed in size as well as ability, did not have a very successful season, but we always played to win and enjoyed it. We tried to take our defeats in a sportsman-like way. With only two members of the squad graduating this year, we hope to have a more successful season next year.

Bonnie Jean Painter showed her ability in shooting by attaining the title of "highscorer" for the season. She also did good work as manager of her team.

Bobby Cecil, captain, showed ability to lead her team even though it fell short of winning all the games.



BOYS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

JOYCE CRABTREE
CLINTON CHUMBLEY
ROY BAKER
CONNIE ADAMS

DONALD RICHARDSON
BILL TATE
BEN TATE
JIMMIE PAINTER

FRANKLIN HILTZHEIMER
C. J. HAISLIP
DICK HAISLIP



CLINTON CHUMBLEY, *Captain*



JIMMIE PAINTER, *Manager*

THE boys' basketball team had a fairly good season, winning exactly half of the games played. Every game, whether lost or won, was marked by aggressive play and a close score.

They showed much improvement near the end of the season and the prospects for next year are bright, in spite of the fact that we lose the valuable services of Captain Chumbley and Joyce Crabtree.

Haislip, Baker, Richardson, Adams, and Bill Tate are the lettermen who will be on hand next year.

DRAPER.....	2
FRIES.....	46
BUSH-HANCOCK.....	20
RADFORD.....	22
FRIES.....	20
CHRISTIANSBURG.....	27
BLACKSBURG.....	10
NARROWS.....	24
CHRISTIANSBURG.....	11
V.A. MAID JR. VARISITY.....	3
NARROWS.....	31
BLACKSBURG.....	20

P. H. S.....	21
P. H. S.....	17
P. H. S.....	17
P. H. S.....	24
P. H. S.....	17
P. H. S.....	21
P. H. S.....	14
P. H. S.....	20
P. H. S.....	13
P. H. S.....	26
P. H. S.....	20
P. H. S.....	23



the oriole '37

Pulaski High

(Parody)

(I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.—*Kilmer.*)

*I think that I shall never find
A High School better than our kind;
A school where every girl or boy
Should go to find their greatest joy;
A school where worthwhile things are taught
And in our minds are kindly wrought;
A school where only those that stay
Who wish to help us on our way;
Whose very name we speak with pride
And seek to spread it far and wide.
Poems are made by many a fool,
But only the best can make a school.*

Helen Marshall, '37.

G. M. LYONS.

EXTRA!
EXTRA!

NEW S

ORIOLE THEATER OPENS

Liquor Reform
Subverting Hate



AEROPLANE
CRASH
AT 115-FOUR

NEW
TRAG-
EDY

FIRST PRODUCTION
TO BE "SENIORS"
AN STAR CAST.
STAFF OF ORIOLE
AT HEAD!

CAST

PRES.	TOM CANTHUS
VICE PRES.	BONNIE PAINTER
TREAS.	WATTS. STAGER
SEC.	BLANCH CONVEY



the oriole '37

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

TOMMY COMBITHS.....	<i>President</i>
BONNIE JEAN PAINTER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
BLANCHE COVEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
WATTS STEGER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

MOTTO: "*Hitch your wagon to a star.*"

FLOWER: *Lily-of-the-Valley.*

COLORS: *Blue and Silver.*



DOROTHY BONES *Hi-Y, Music Club.*

Small in size but not in importance—
that's Bones.



JOYCE CRABTREE

Debating '33, Dramatic '36

"Dirty" has always been our theatrical
producer. His personality will carry
him far in life.



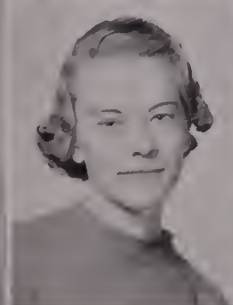
MARY CARSON *Beta Club, Sec. Hi-Y '35-36*

"Sister" is our pianist. She is a capable
leader and no matter how gray the day
she is always ready with a sunny smile.



JACK FITZGERALD *Hi-Y, Literary Society*

Jack is our old standby, always willing
to lend a helping hand.



BOBBY CECIL

President Hi-Y, Basketball Captain '37

"Crum" is one of our most athletic
Seniors. She is a swell companion and
we all will miss her.



ELMER FROST *Hi-Y*

Elmer is one of our quiet Seniors but
he will not be forgotten by those who
knew him.



HELEN MARSHALL *Dramatic '34-35*

We have found a true friend in Helen.
May she attain great heights in life.



JACK POWELL *Hi-Y, Beta Club*

"Moosejaw" showed up well in his
first year of football. He is also one
of our high ranking Seniors.



BONNIE JEAN PAINTER

*Secretary Iii-Y '36-37, Vice-President
Senior Class*

"Red" has shown her ability as a
leader and friend. She is vice-president
of the Senior Class and manager of the
basketball team.



EUGENE SEXTON *Iii-Y, Beta Club*

"Toar" is a good sport, a good friend,
and a good student. He is one of our
outstanding athletes.



MARY THORN PAINTER *Iii-Y, Beta Club*

"Fond of music and best of friends,
She has been with us to the end."



WATTS STEGER

Beta Club, Treasurer Senior Class

Watts is our most "dignified" Senior.
He has little to say, but we value his
words highly. We wish him "bon
voyage."



MARY ELLEN GRAY *French Club '37*

Mary Ellen with her sunny smiles seems to make you forget your troubles and "push forward."



CHARLES MASHBURN *President French Club*

"Smiley" is the baby of the Senior Class. He is running over with mischief, as witty as ever a human being can be.



FRANCES LEFFEW

Secretary Beta Club, Literary Society

Frances is quiet and refined. She is an outstanding scholar in all her classes.



BRUCE MCCALL

Good-looking, quiet and courteous is Bruce. The road to graduation has been harder for Bruce because misfortune has been his lot. We are proud that he is graduating with us.



LIDA MACGILL *Hi-Y, French Club '37*

Lida's pleasing personality has won her many friends and should make her happy in the future.



JUNIOR PIKE *Writers' Club*

Junior is one of our honor students. His quiet but helpful attitude has been a great asset to our class.



IRIS SEAGLE *Hi-Y, Dramatic Club '33*

Iris is jolly and is always ready to lend a helping hand—something which is often needed.



FRANK VIA *Hi-Y*

"Shorty" is a prophetic type. He also possesses considerable wit. May fortune always be his lot.



HELEN SOWERS *Debating Club, French Club*

"Brat" is a born humorist. Depend on her to be a blues chaser when everyone else is "down in the dumps."



VALENCIA VAUGHAN

Beta Club, Debating Club

A more studious Senior could not be found than "Val." She is one of our highest honor students.



ROY WINDLE *Hi-Y*

"Boots" is a catcher of no mean ability. His ready smile has won him many friends.



FRANCES TOLLY

Frances has a large number of friends even though she has been with us only this year.



MARY COALSON *Dramatic '33*

Mary is one of the most stylish girls in school. Her quiet and amiable disposition has won her many friends at P. H. S.



JUNIOR HARRIMAN *Hi-Y*

Junior is always in quest of knowledge. We know he will have success in life.



ALUISE COE *Literary Society '33*

Alouise has many friends at P. H. S. Her presence will be missed by all.



BOB JOHNSON

Bob's thoughts are high above our heads when an airplane is passing by. May he be another Charles Lindbergh.



BLANCHE COVEY

"Duck's" cheerful laugh and vivacious character make all our sorrows immediately vanish.



NEAL KEGLEY *Hi-Y*

Neal did a good job holding up the center of the line on the football field. May he play the game of life as well.



LUCILLE AUST *Dramatic Club*

"Although she is quiet and small,
She will be remembered by us all."



MAURICE BROWN *French Club*

"Ham" is a lot of help as well as a
lot of fun.



WINIFRED BEAMER

Music Club, Debating Club

Winifred is always willing to lend a
helping hand in everything we do.



TOMMY COMBITBS

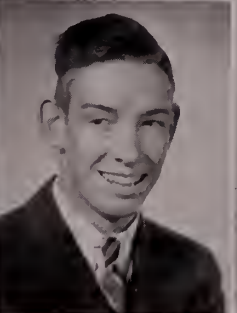
President Senior Class, Beta Club

Athletic, industrious and attractive is
Tommy. He acts well his part whether
on or off the stage. As class president
he has had the understanding to direct
and the hand to execute.



DULCIE BENTLEY *Hi-Y, Cheer Leader*

"Duck's" cheerful disposition and jolly
laugh have been an asset to our class.
She has our best wishes for success.



CLINTON CHUMBLEY

Hi-Y, Basketball Captain

Clinton is a noted athlete, being the
captain of the 1937 basketball team.
His ability on the football team also
will be missed.



MARY CRAWFORD

Dramatic '34, Literary Society '33

A more sincere and dependable friend could not be found than Mary.



E. C. KIDD

E. C. is one of our most loyal Seniors. "Judge not his prowess by his size, for in small packages is the greatest prize."



GLENNA DEHAVEN *Literary Society*

We wish Glenna as rapid progress in life as she has made on the typewriter.



JACK LUGAR

Secretary Hi-Y '36-37, Beta Club

Jack's business ability has always been a great help. He has always stood high in his classes.



KATHERINE GRAHAM *Dramatic '33*

Katherine is one who inspires our respect and confidence. She has a smile for everyone.



GARNETT LYONS *Music Club, French Club*

"Romeo" is our class artist and one of its musicians. We hope you have loads of success.



DAWN PURVIS LYONS *Hi-Y, French Club*

Dawn's cheerful and amiable disposition has won her many friends in P. H. S. She is the only one to receive both a M. R. S. degree and diploma.



WINSTON TAYLOR

"Windy" is another newcomer to our class, but he has won us all with his "flying feet."



HELEN REYNOLDS

Literary Society, Dramatic '33

Helen is small, but she stands high in her commercial work of typing and shorthand.



EDWARD TURMAN

"Termite" belongs to the serious type. His chief interest is aviation. May he have "happy landings."



VIRGINIA RHOADES *Literary Society*

"A friend in joy and in sorrow;
A friend today, a friend tomorrow:"
—that is our Virginia.



H. C. VAUGHAN

Dramatic Club '34, Literary Society

"Fish" is always in a jovial mood. His sunny disposition has helped us through many ordeals. What could we have done without him?



PAULINE VINSON *Dramatic Club '33*

"Polly" possesses much wit, but she is rather shy in using it.



OLGA WIRT

Literary Society '37, Reading Club '36

We know Olga will go far in life because she has had to come "far" to school.



MELVIN WHITAKER *Hi-Y, Debating Club*

Melvin's laugh will long be remembered by the class. We wish him loads of success in whatever he does.



the oriole '37

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

AS TWO Seniors walked into the movies, extracts of their conversation floated on the air. Perhaps it was rude, but because I wondered just what they had thought of their four years of school and because I knew that all Seniors at this time of the year must be entertaining that subject, I listened. Are you curious? Well, I'll tell you—but don't let it go any further.

"And there were 140 Freshmen jammed into Miss Dalton's, Miss Frye's and Miss Kinder's rooms. 'Jazz' Morehead was President and—who was Vice-President?"

"Who says my brain isn't better than yours? Listen, my dear; Jack Lugar was Vice-President and Blanche Covey, Secretary-Treasurer. Am I gloating?" answered number two.

"Well, if you are, it's not for long because I remember these figures—117 Sophomores with officers: President, Mary Carson; Vice-President, Tommy Combiths, and Secretary-Treasurer, Bonnie Jean Painter for Miss Croswhite's room. But again my brain fails me—now, you speak up!"

"Miss Kinder's room elected Blanche Covey President, Henry Morehead Vice-President, and Bill Gulliford Secretary-Treasurer, I remember."

"Don't open your mouth! Yes, there were 63 Juniors in 1936, divided by the Commercial and Academic courses."

Again number one piped, "Oh, yes! there were also some officers such as Mary Carson President; Blanche Covey Vice-President, and Jack Lugar Secretary-Treasurer. That was the year we bid Mr. Ingles adieu and Mr. Rice hello!"

"Now we have dwindled until there are only 52 Seniors. But we showed our brains in electing Tommy Combiths President; Bonnie Jean Painter Vice-President; Blanche Covey Secretary, and Watts Steger Treasurer. Now it's up to us to show the world our good in our Theatre Oriole with Mary Thorn Painter Editor-in-Chief—"

"Yes, my dear, but the lady behind us says to please shut up—that Robert Taylor's voice is good enough for her."

And so my neighbors lapsed into silence.



the oriole '37

CLASS PROPHECY

WE ARE the roaming cameramen for the Oriole Theatre. We see, know, hear and tell all about your favorite Senior stars, catching them in the routine of daily life with our camera. We find all our stars carrying on, like the brave soldiers they are.

Maurice Brown is the winner of the State Life Insurance Medal for the best sales of the State. He expects to win the World Medal in 1941.

Dorothy Bones, who has been teaching home economics for the last ten years, has given up her job and gotten married. She is having much trouble in planning and arranging her own home. A little help, please.

Lucile Aust, well known beautician of San Francisco, has discovered the most fashionable hair dress of the century. It has a very streamlined effect and is worn mostly at bridge parties.

Joyce Crabtree has just finished another Broadway hit called "The Path of the Deserted Husband." Crabtree is classed even greater than Ziegfeld.

E. C. Kidd is following in the footsteps of the rest of his tribe. He is now an expert electrician.

Dulcie Bentley, well known bass singer, is now starring in a production, "Mississippi Levee." This production is under the management of Joyce Crabtree.

Watts Steger, a chemist of the old school, is building an explosive-proof laboratory. When bigger and better labs are blown up, Watts will blow 'em.

Joe Robinson, owner of "The Haberdashery" on Basin Street, New York, is now advertising his new suit for residents of flood districts. The suit is guaranteed not to shrink, and is made of wood pulp to keep the wearer afloat.

Aloise Coe has disappeared from the news. No one knows what, where or how she is.

Charles Mashburn, big game hunter, is supervising an expedition to South America to hunt antelope, a very harmless beast.

In 1940 we find Junior Pike still working in the furniture factory. He hopes that by 1950 he will have become foreman.

Pauline Vinson is now typist for the President of the United States. She expects to be promoted soon.

Bruce McCall, graduate of V. P. I., has taken up dairy farming in a big way with small cows because they eat less.

Flash! Blanche Covey has just won her second world championship typist contest. May her fingers always be nimble.

Garnett Lyons is giving a vocal solo Friday night for the Navy at the Submarine base. The Navy is on a sit-down strike and we have the greatest confidence that this will solve the problem. After all, the solo would sound better under water, wouldn't it?



the oriole '37

Mary Carson is now the second official piano player at the "Harlem Hangout," New York. She acquired this position after many years of hard and strenuous study in the wild jungle of Egypt.

Junior Harriman is still going to the American Diesel Mechanic School. He is trying to discover for himself why the engine doesn't burn gasoline.

Ran upon Jack Lugar the other day and he is still pinching pennies. He is now editor of *The World Gazette*, which is noted for giving the most news on less paper.

Dawn Purvis Lyons has now settled down to keep house. Mr. Ernest Lyons (her husband) is spending most of his money for "Tums."

Bonnie Jean Painter, night nurse for the Pulaski Hospital, is having trouble with her dates. "Lawd," you made the nights too long.

Neal Kegley, famous center on the "Gas House" football team, is opening a sports school for girls. He will teach them how to twirl the old pigskin in a graceful way.

Elmer Frost, a well known farmer of this section, is now raising chickens. He feeds his chickens assorted dyes so they will lay colored Easter eggs.

At last! Helen Marshall has discovered a certain freckle remedy after fifteen years of hard experimenting.

Jack Fitzgerald, famous baseball pitcher for "The Crows," says he keeps his arm supple by giving it a facial and a rubdown after each practice.

Clinton Chumbley, a well known aviator, is making arrangements for a flight to the moon. He plans to be gone about three days.

Valencia Vaughan is now in New York starring in Shakespeare's colossal "Romeo and Juliet." The "Comedy Theatre" is doing a big business.

Frances Tolly has bought a new streamliner that takes her to Radford in thirty seconds.

Eugene Sexton, better known to us as "Toar," has accepted the position as coach of the V. M. I. football team.

Mary Crawford won the State prize last week for being the champion hog caller. Her voice was strengthened considerably by holloing out the senior room windows at lunch time to her friends.

Edward Turman, local cartoonist for *The Southwest Times*, admits he gets all his ideas by looking in a mirror.

Mary Coalson has opened a beauty parlor on Locust Hill. Dyeing hair red is her specialty.

Frank Via, who loves nature in the raw, is now a collector of unique things, especially old fossils.

Glenna DeHaven has charge of the commercial course at Radford High. It seems the hate for Pulaski down there has changed to love.

While in the wilds of New York the other day we decided to take a stroll in the country by the river, and what do you think we saw? There on the bank of the river sat H. C. Vaughan, Jr., and what was he doing? Fishing! He does his own fishing nowadays to keep down overhead.



the oriole '37

Mary Ellen Gray, local flower gardener, now grows a dahlia so large that the root of it pushed over the fence around a twenty acre field in which it was planted in the center.

Roy Windle, graduate of Roanoke Business College, is finding it hard to get a job. Business men are employing streamlined stenographers these days.

Have you heard the latest? Frances Leffew was promoted from the utensil counter to the candy counter at the ten-cent store.

Jack Powell, famous sea writer, has just finished a novel called "Seasickness After Love."

Lida Macgill is secretary to the president of V. P. I. It seems that the uniform gets them.

The new hit star on Broadway is Winston Taylor. His latest hit is knocked off in "Feets First." This is a decided success and is being played at Mr. Taylor's favorite theatre, "The Virginia Lee."

Helen Sowers is taking lessons on "how to be on time" from a graduate of this course. They think an operation will be necessary.

Melvin Whitaker, aeronautical engineer, has perfected a fool-proof plane. This was a very successful invention for Whitaker. It seems as if Whitaker is working against himself these days.

Iris Seagle is undertaking to be an undertaker. We hope she won't undertake this business too seriously.

Mary Thorn Painter is now chief dietitian at Randolph-Macon. We believe there's something in that.

Bob Johnson owns the most valuable collection of antiques in these United States. We always knew he liked funny old things, but we didn't think it would come to that.

Katherine Graham is now the jazz dance teacher at Harvard. They say she is a good teacher if she can stay still long enough.

Virginia Rhoades is now private nurse of the Lionne sextuplets. She acquired her nursing ability at the Philadelphia General Hospital.

Daytona Beach, Fla. Miss Winifred Beamer, formerly of Pulaski, Va., set a new speed record here today. Her high-powered car, "Windbuster," roared down the beach at 999 1-2 miles per hour. She still says she can do better if she can get the V-8.

Olga Wirt has just returned from Darkest Africa where she has been instructing the heathens. She has been successful in her work with only one sit-down strike, which occurred the day she arrived and is still on.

Bobby Cecil, airplane hostess for the "Can't Fall Airlines," proved her ability as a hostess last week when the mail plane wrecked with 25 passengers. The result was only one small scratch on the pilot. Miss Cecil gallantly poured an abundance of iodine on the wound. May the brave live forever!

Tommy Combiths has just invented a new feed diet for chickens. He claims it will make them weigh from two to five pounds more in three minutes after they eat and it will also promote their laying.

*H. C. Vaughan, Jr., '37.
Blanche Covey, '37.*



the oriole '37

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

HEAR ye, hear ye, hear ye, the last of this brand of superhuman characters. Ah, but their customs and traits will live forever in the hearts and souls of the underclassmen. To these striving students we, the Seniors of P. H. S., in the year 1936-37, take honor in leaving the loving smile and sweet voice of Miss Elizabeth Pugh, our friend and advisor. May you all sooner or later have the opportunity to fall so peacefully into a deep slumber caused by her soothing recitation of "Government in the United States." For the individuals we leave these incredible traits:

Lucille Aust leaves her ability to occupy more than one seat at a time to Mollie Jones.

Winifred Beamer leaves her open mouth to Jean Meredith. I wonder what she will do with it?

Dulcie Bentley leaves her "broad mind" and frog-croak voice to Judy Morrell.

Dorothy Bones leaves her Grecian wave to Ben Tate.

Mary Carson leaves opossum grin and hyena laugh to Betsy Bushong.

Bobby Cecil leaves hayseed hair to Earl Meadows.

Mary Coalson leaves her Mae West figure to Katherine Windle.

Aloise Coe leaves her natural curl to Elizabeth Bowman.

Blanche Covey leaves her height, breadth and ability to hold her man to Peggy Quesenberry.

Mary Crawford leaves her country stride to Isabelle Gilmer; we might throw her figure in too.

Glenna DeHaven leaves love for red-head, one-horse musicians to any one who has no better sense.

Katherine Graham leaves her gay ninety physique to "Fats" Huff.

Mary Ellen Gray leaves her talent to remove strings from people's clothes to Katherine Brugh.

Frances Leffew leaves her admiration for the Draper vicinity and its inhabitants to Eugene Burnett.

Lida Macgill leaves a geometry compass to the school so that they can make little "Arks."

Helen Marshall leaves her red hair to the school for use in plays.



the oriole '37

Dawn Purvis Lyons leaves her new book, "The Adventures of the Newlyweds," to Laura King Harman and ????

Helen Reynolds leaves a scooter to come off Dude Hill to Roy Reece.

Virginia Rhodes leaves to Elizabeth Bowman a bottle of vinegar to express her disposition.

Iris Seagle leaves a victrola record to Mary Currin Eskridge to carry on her conversation.

Helen Sowers leaves Louie Painter a pair of stilts.

Pauline Vinson leaves a chronic case of the giggles to the Freshman Class.

Olga Wirt leaves the mud on her shoes and ability to kick up clods to the football team.

Frances Tolly leaves a one-way ticket to Radford to Donald Richardson.

Charles Mashburn leaves his baby face to all the kindergarten students.

Bruce McCall leaves to Ralph Rosenbaum a new brown Chevrolet—one that has never been wrecked.

Junior Pike leaves a "poof" to the whole works.

Jack Powell leaves a can of black paint to the peroxide blondes. May they again be natural?

Joe Robinson leaves—No, Joe has decided to stay with us a few more years. He has been around here so long he looks like part of the fixtures.

Eugene Sexton leaves a book of instructions on "How to Play Kelley" to Mr. Rice. "Sex" is an outstanding athlete in this sport.

Watts Steger leaves town to join Einstein.

Winston Taylor leaves a pair of tap-dancing shoes to Pete.

Edward Turman leaves a pair of black shorts to the school to wear in Miss Bondurant's next version of Romeo and Juliet.

H. C. Vaughan leaves a bucket of fillet of pan trout to Tom MacAdoo. It's good brain food.

Frank Via leaves a beautiful "*fer-git-me-not*" to Alice Carney.

Maurice Brown leaves an extra large handkerchief to Mr. Eckman.

Clinton Chumbley leaves his ability to walk into the Dalton Theatre free of charge to Miss Elizabeth Pugh.

Tommy Combiths leaves his love for his "Sister" to King Harman.

Jack Fitzgerald leaves his "sway back" to Bradley Hale.

Elmer Frost leaves a book of dry current events and a "and-uh" to the oncoming Science Class.



the oriole '37

Bonnie Jean Painter leaves her two-point scoring attack and infernal giggles to Willie Ashbrook.

Mary Thorn Painter leaves the model of a perfect girl to Nancy Mitchell; will Nancy be surprised?

Junior Harriman leaves the art of throwing cold water to the Pulaski Fire Department.

Bob Johnson leaves the song, "Double Trouble," to all two-timers.

Neal Kegley leaves all of his work in the Senior English Class to the oncoming English students. He asked to throw in a great big hug for Miss Bondurant.

E. C. Kidd leaves the mumps to Edna Runion. This is the only way she can gain weight.

Jack Lugar leaves a bottle of Keeley pills to anyone who wants them. He says they are "fine things" when you have celebrated too much.

Garnett Lyons leaves the song, "When did you DeHaven," to the P. H. S. Glee Club

Melvin Whitaker leaves his southern accent to Forrest Goepper.

Roy Windle leaves a steaming typewriter to Mary Waugh.

I, Joyce Crabtree, will leave town as soon as this is printed.

Joyce Crabtree, '37.







With the Compliments
of the
Virginia Maid Hosiery
Mills, Inc.



and the



Wallner Silk Hosiery
Mills, Inc.



ELECTRICITY

.. is ..

ECONOMICAL

CLEAN

SAFE

CONTINUOUS

Appalachian Electric Power Co.

Compliments

of

J. C. Dobson

Dobson Hosiery Mills

Manufacturers

PULASKI, VIRGINIA



Congratulations and Best Wishes to

THE CLASS OF '37 OF
PULASKI HIGH

Peoples National Bank

PULASKI, VIRGINIA

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

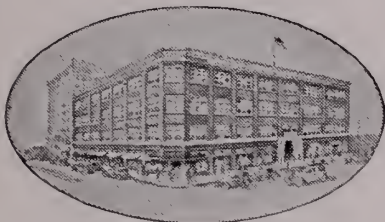
Pulaski National Bank

Whatever your ambition may be . . .

- FOR POWER
- FOR WEALTH
- FOR CONTENTMENT

. . . Build up a Bank Reserve fund

Pulaski National Bank



To High School Graduates

Whatever you plan to do after graduation—whether you plan for college or business—your mental development must continue.

The National Business College is a distinctive, private school of professional grade. Day and evening courses prepare high school graduates for immediate earnings. Many graduates who have acquired experience are now presidents, vice-presidents, cashiers, secretaries, treasurers and controllers of large corporations—others are in successful accountancy practice.

The selection of a commercial school for your business training is of vital importance to you. Write for beautifully illustrated catalog.

National Business College
Roanoke, Virginia

Accredited by National Association of
Accredited Commercial Schools.

Thomas M. Seagle & Sons

FUNERAL SERVICE



Pulaski, Virginia

Day Phone 468 Night Phone 304

I. R. ALBERT

I Specialize in

A-1 HOME KILLED MEATS

A Complete Line of Groceries
and Country Produce

Phone 153

CARLTON'S

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

We Feature

Nelly Don and Bloomfield
Dresses - Lampl Knitwear
Printzess Coats and Suits
Gossard Corsets

**DALTON
THEATRE**



Good Shows are both
Entertaining and
Educational

It's our desire to give the
"best obtainable"



Compliments
of

**SOUTHWEST
TIMES**

Inc.



Compliments
of

Seagle's Pharmacy

ELKS BUILDING

Phone 31

Pulaski, Virginia

G. S. Hall & Son

Shoe Rebuilding Since 1918

86 SECOND STREET

Pulaski, Virginia

Compliments
of
HOWARD'S
Incorporated
Fancy Groceries

Compliments
of
ROSE'S 5-10-25c
STORES

Compliments from Your
Community Pantry

•
Piggly-Wiggly
Southwestern Co.

"Meet your friends and serve
yourself"

•
Phone 47 Main St.

PULASKI MOTOR CO.

Incorporated

▼
SALES  SERVICE

KELVINATORS
ZENITH RADIOS

▼
Phone 127

TUXEDO FEED
STORE

T. M. COMBITHS

Phone 247

"The Best Feed for Every Need"

COMPLIMENTS OF
J. WALLACE'S
MODERN AND COMPLETE
WOMAN'S SHOP AT
POPULAR PRICES

Compliments
of
**NEHI BOTTLING
COMPANY**

COMPLIMENTS OF
MADRINS'
Pulaski's Newest Dress Shop
You will receive a cordial
welcome here

★
Compliments
of
**HOTEL
PULASKI**
★

**Wysor Motor
Corporation**

Dodge Brothers
Motor Cars and Trucks
Plymouth Motor Cars
Philco Radios



Pulaski, Virginia

Phone 102

Box 759

Compliments
of
**GULF OIL
CORPORATION**

PULASKI CAFE
We Specialize in Sea Foods
Also Country Ham and the best
of Western Steaks
Boys, Remember Pulaski Cafe
is open Day and Night
LEE HIGHWAY

Beauty Service for the
Entire Family
**WAVERITE BEAUTY
SHOPPE**

Compliments to the
Seniors of '37
**STAG CLOTHING
COMPANY**

TO THE CLASS OF 1937

Graduates of P. H. S. come and go. Fortunately, none of us have ever known what the future holds for us. Regardless of what we think about the future we should strive with all our might to reach the top of our ladder. Be honest, diligent and dependable in all things and your labors will not be in vain.

Pulaski Lumber Co.

Incorporated

J. G. BOSANG
MARGARET L. BOSANG
JESSE H. SMITH
Graduates of P. H. S.

•
**PAUL
KNITTING
MILLS**

IRON SOX

Pulaski, Virginia
•

Compliments
of
Silcox Cleaners

**WE WISH THE CLASS OF 1937
MUCH SUCCESS**

SEAGLE BROS.
Morticians :: Furniture
COMMERCE STREET



Compliments
of
EMMART'S
MILLINERY
SHOP



Harrison-Hancock
Hardware Co.

Incorporated



Home of Wilson-Western
Sporting Goods



Phones 18-23

Tyler Drug Co.

Phones 601-470



AUTO FREE DELIVERY



"Prescription Specialists"



THANK YOU



Compliments
of

RAFLO'S

Incorporated



"Clothes Just for You"





Compliments
of
**DIX-RICHARDSON
COMPANY**
Incorporated
Pulaski, Virginia



The Complete Car . . .
. . . Completely New



HARRIS MOTOR CO.

Phone 634



Pulaski, Virginia



Compliments
of
**Martin-Runion
Hardware Co.**
"THE HARDWARE STORE"



THE CLASS OF '37
PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL

THANKS
THE
ADVERTISERS



Property of
Pulaski County Library
60 West Third St.
Pulaski, VA 24301